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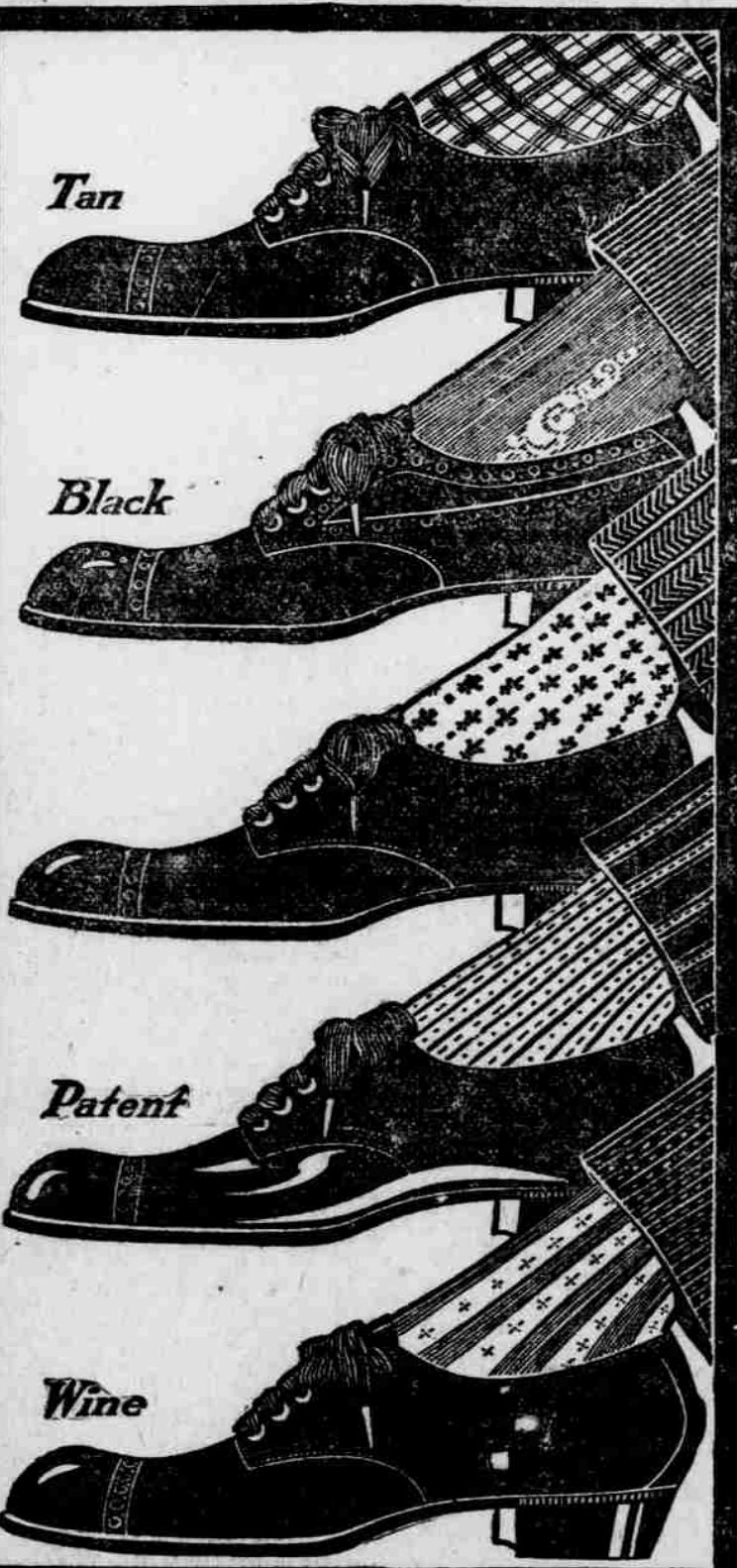
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BROCKTON, MASS.

Tan

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Patent

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DAIDYATHLYNE

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(Continued.)

At first all went well enough. The road was clear and she felt that she had the machine well in hand. As far as Balmacellane she went slowly, carefully, climbing laboriously up the steep zig-zag road; and presently she began to feel in good heart. She did not know the name of the place; had never heard of it. But it was somewhere; one stage at least on the way home. When the village lay behind her she began to put on more speed. With the apprehension gone of not being able to get on at all, she began to think of her objective and of how long was the journey before it could be reached. With increased speed, however, came fresh fears. The importance of the machine began to be manifest; such force and speed needed several hours. The road changed so rapidly that she felt that she wanted another pair of eyes. The wheel alone, with its speed and steering levers, took all her attention. She hardly dared to look up from it. And yet if she did not know how could she look out for danger. Happily the mere movement was a tonic; the rush through the air braced her. Otherwise she would have been shortly in a state of panic.

Very soon she began to realize the difficulty of driving on an unknown road, when one is not skilled in the art. So many things have to be considered all at once, and the onus of choosing perpetually is of nightmare shadow. The opening of bye-roads and cross-roads are so much more important than is suspected that there is a passing doubt as to direction; and country roads generally wind about so that distant landmarks, which can guide one in general direction, come and go with embarrassing suddenness. At first every cart-track or farm-track made such doubts, and even when she got to understand such minor trends she got confused over bye-roads of more importance. Cross-roads there were before long, right for left making short-cuts for those who knew. These she had to pass; she could judge only of her course by the landmarks. The main road—not always a safe guide in remote agricultural districts. One thing told in her favour; the magnificent bracing air of that splendid high-hung moor through which she passed. By the time she got to Corsock, however, she was beginning to feel the strain severely. Her head hot and nervous and weary; only the imperative need of getting on, and getting on quickly, enabled her to keep up at all. At Corsock she stopped to ask the way, but found it hard to understand the Lowland Scotch in which directions for her guidance were given. The result was that she stared at the man with a blank despair gripping at her heart. Already she felt that her effort to reach home in time was destined to failure. The time seemed to fly so fast the miles to be gone. She even began to feel a nervous doubt as to whether she could even be able to send word to her father. Joy began to Corsock the nature of the road is confusing to a stranger. There are bye-roads leading south and up northwards into the mountains, and the road is a maze of confusion. Joy began to lose perspective of things; her doubts as to whether she was on the right road became oppressive. Some-thing she was changing her mind. Look where she would, she could not see the hill tops that had been her landmarks. A mist was coming on. She had to turn back. She was in the south where was Solway Firth. Then she gave up heart altogether. There came to her woman's breast the reaction from all the boy excitement of the day. It was too bright to last. And now came this shadow of trouble worse even than the mist, which seemed to press it. Oh, if only he were with her now. He! Strange it was that in all the day she had not once spoken to him by name. "Darling" seemed more suitable when her hand was in his; when he was kissing her. She closed her eyes in an ecstasy of delightful remembrance. She was recalled to herself by a sudden jar; in her momentary forgetfulness she had run up a bank.

He! Von Hutten's Misery. Very sad was the fate of Ulrich von Hutten, one of the greatest writers Germany has ever produced. Unable to earn a living, he was reduced to tramping through the country, begging food and shelter from the peasants. One bitter winter's night both were refused, and next morning he was found frozen stiff and cold in the drifting snow outside the village. "The only thing he died possessed of besides the rags he wore," says his biographer, Zuinglin, "was a pen."

The Nub of the Thing. "Man runs to clichés," audibly ruminated a grizzled citizen. "He thinks pretty well of his country, of his state or province, of his town, of his own street, and then we get at the nub of the thing—the man thinks pretty well of himself."—Kansas City Newsboy.

When a man is being operated on by a barber it is best for him to keep his mouth shut. The case is different when the patient is in the dentist's chair.

Information. "Where do all you Americans live?" inquired the European. "About 4,000,000 of us live in New York," answered the caustic American. "And the rest of us live in caves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine. It is the shadow of ourselves.—Carlyle.

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All went well now. The road was distinctly good, and the swift smooth motion restored her courage. When in about half an hour she began to note the cottages and houses grouping in the suburbs of Dumfries she got elated. She was now well on the way to England. She knew from experience that the road to Annan, by which they had come, was fairly level. She did not mind the mist so much, now that she was accustomed to it; and she expected that as it was driving up northwards from the Firth she would be free from it altogether when she should have passed the Border and was on her way south to Carlisle. In the meanwhile she was more anxious than as yet. The mist seemed to have settled down more here than in the open country. There were lights in many windows in the suburbs, and the street lamps were lit. It is strange how the perspective of lines of lamps gets changed when one is riding or driving or cycling in mist or fog. If one kept the center of the road it would be all right; but as one keeps by necessity to the left the lines between the lamps which guide the eye change with each instant. The effect is that straight lines appear to be curved; and if the driver loses nerve and trusts to appearances he will soon come to grief. This was Joy's experience of driving in mist, and she naturally fell into the error. She got confused as to the right and wrong side of the road. She had to fight against the habit of her life, which instinctively took command when her special intention was in abeyance. She knew that from Dumfries the road crossed to the south-east and as the curve seemed away to the left from her side of the road she, thinking that the road to the left was the direct road, turned sharply towards the right hand, when she came to a place where there were roads to choose. There was no one about from whom to ask the way; and she feared to descend from the car to look for a sign-post. The onus of choice was on her, and she took the right hand thinking it was straight ahead. For some time now she had been going slow, and time and distance had both spun out to infinitude; she had lost sense of both. She was tired, wearied to death with chagrin and responsibility. Everything around her was new and strange and unknown, and so was full of terrors. She did not know how to choose. She feared to ask lest she might land her in new embarrassments. She knew that unless she got home in something like reasonable time her father would be not a little deeply upset but furiously angry—and all that anger would be visited on him. Oh she must get on! It was too late to contemplate what might happen should she have to be out all night. . . . and after having gone out with a man against whom her heart was already a grievance, though he owed him so much!

The change in the road, however, gave her some consolation; it was straight and smooth, and the wind was now more in her face she felt that she was making southward. But her physical difficulties were increasing. The wind was much stronger, and the mist came boiling up so fast that her goggles got blurred more than ever. Everything around her was becoming

For a few miles—she could only guess at the distance—all went well, and she got back some courage. She still went on bravely; she did not mean to have any mischance now if she could help it. It would not be so very long before she was over the Border. Then most likely she would be out of the mist and she could put on more speed.

Presently she felt that the car was going up a steep incline. When it had been running swiftly she had not felt such, but now it was apparent. It was not a big hill however, and the run on the other side was complete, and she considered as little better than a rapid crawl. For a while, not long but seemingly more than long, the road was up a hill till she saw in the dimness of the mist glimpses of houses, then a few gleams of light from the chimneys of shut windows. Here she went very slowly and looked often. She feared she might do some harm, and the slightest harm now might mean delay. She breathed more freely when she was out in the open again. That episode of the arrest and the prolonged agitation which followed it had unnerved her more than she had thought; and now the mist and the darkness and the uncertainty were playing havoc with her. It was only when she was long past the little place that she regretted she had not stopped to ask the way on the right road. There was nothing for it, however, but to go on. The road was all up and down, up and down; but the surface was fairly good, and as the powerful lamp showed her sufficient space ahead to steer she moved along, though it had to be with an agonising slowness. How different it was, she thought, from that fairy-chorus driving with him in the morning. The road then seemed straight and level, and movement was an undiluted pleasure. For an instant she closed her wearied eyes as she sighed at the change—and ran off the road-bed.

Happily she was going slowly and recovered herself before more than the front wheels were on the rough mass of old road-scrappings. In a couple of

(Continued on Page 2.)

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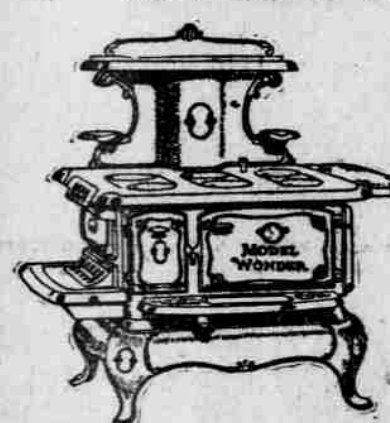
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